





THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received Telling the Plans

OF HIS BRIDE TO BE



EAREST ONE:—I have been washing and ironing today (I can see you frown, dear foolish one, who writes that you don't ever want me to do anything but be pretty and love you), nevertheless I am proud of what I did.

Martha suggested that I learn, for, as she said very gravely, "The dainty bits of things that you wear are much better done yourself than rubbed to bits on a heavy washboard." She also explained to me the interesting theory that delicate things should be washed as soon as soiled and then left rough-dried until ironing day, so that the dirt couldn't get "set" and require hard rubbing.

Doesn't that sound domestic? It's good advice, though, Jack, and I listened and learned with a studious face, but, to

my surprise, while I was ironing I looked up and saw tears in Martha's eyes, and the silly old dear broke down and said it "was only around the corner of yesterday that I was a bit of a thing making trouble beggin' for cookies." I had to hug her after that. And to think I always thought her cross!

Lovely Flowers of Tenderness

Why is it that it takes love to open up the secret doors in the gardens of people's hearts? And why do they hide the lovely flowers of tenderness that bloom behind the high walls? I suppose every girl in love has asked herself the same question, but that's the best of romance, it's always new-the eternal wonder of the world that makes

Your letter made up for all the hurt and the grieving of your other note. I'm glad you feel a wee bit jealous, because other men asked me to go to the theater, even though I didn't accept; and I love you for your extravagant plan of coming to see me on Thanksgiving day. But, dear, won't it cost a lot? Won't you be dipping pretty deep into our fund? Oh, I just tremble with happiness at the dream of having you here, feeling your arms and lips again-oh, it would be Thanksgiving, a real one; and yet, if it means putting off that dream time when I shall be with you for always, I don't know.

It is extravagance today for more economy tomorrow, isn't it? You must decide, dearest; I can't.

I sent a package to you today, and I'm anxious to know what you will think of it. I want you to have one that nobody else has, and I had the plate broken after that one was printed. There, I've let the secret out, but I couldn't help it. And I hope my eyes will smile at you every morning and keep you true to the girl who loves you, and make you feel all this economy, all this weary waiting and working is worth while. Good night, dear.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

Jack Geraghty's ancestry back to the It was a shame the way that poor Trish kings, I suppose the Newport set will stop sniffing and make the best of the elopement," said the stagestruck stockin's and black shoes or was it

"Maybe so," said the stage doorkeep-"You never can tell. I might say

Nix On the Spotlight

handsome young couple turned down that vaudeville manager who offered them a thou a week and calmly said, "Will Julia's for "Nix on the spotlight." I dunno, but asked the S. S. Y. I think if anybody was to ask me do and get to earnin' some money so's I could provide my bride with

Our Cop Says, Why Is An Inebriate

Ye see, this street separates my beat Gallagher's, and neither of us wanted to make an arrest tonight, because, other things bein' equal, we're oth off at 7 in the mornin'. But if we make an arrest, we got to wait an hour



e the magistrate, So o' course, when I sees a chap so

frunk it's a shame not to give him a m'fortable cell for the night. I just naturally takes him by the arm and de him over to Gallagher's beat. hen, winkin' at meself, I walks around and all of a sudden' I comes ms Mr. Drunk snorin' on one o' my A doorstep on my beat, 1 I shook him alive and towed across to Gallagher's territory but it was no use; in fifteen Gallagher had brought him

at's the way we've been keepin' all night. Just at present he's their hats.
allegher's side, but I expect to Ned-It's so hard to put them across him on mine, any minute. straight again.

"Now that they've traced Handsome, slippers and stockin's that matched. vice versa?

"But she's done one fine thing for ict of things, but I've found out that the department stores. She's got that he guy who says the least has the multicolored Grecian bandeau on as a least to regret. However, I don't mind topliner, and it only needed Madeline going on record and sayin' that if Hand-Force to second the style to make it some Jack is givin us the right dope Force to second the style to make it about his ancestry that makes us blood a world-beater. From now on we'll see all the chickens goin' around with their heads tied up as though they'd "It was funny though how the attended a Scandinavian wedding."

Will They Forgive Her?

"Will Julia's folks forgive her?"

"I dunno," said the S. D. K. "Mebbe to take my bride and sit in a stage they will and then again mebbe they box every night and let the spotlight won't. Many a daughter of rich paman have fun with me I'd take him rents has run away with a coachman up quick. And I'd be especially eager or a groom, but it's only recent when chauffeurs began to be able to get! away with it. But there's no reason to believe that if the folks of another generation managed to get used to the smell of horse, why they shouldn't in time become used to the scent of gasoline. It's a clean smell."

The Latest From The Land of Mirth

A COLOR TRANSITION

An aged colored man was engaged in burning the grass off the lawn of a young broker when the latter returned to his home, and, thinking to have some fun with the old man, said: "Sambo, if you burn that grass the entire lawn will be as black as you

"Dat's all right, suh," replied the "Some o' dese days dat grass grow up an' be as green as youh are."-

The Boy Knew

The Boy Knew

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller. "Well." said the little brother, of our own life-tree. "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."

A Bargain Marriage

"What on earth possessed Miss High-tone to marry the ribbon clerk?" "She couldn't resist him, you know When she first met him he was at the

Mystery Explained

Ted-I could never understand why women object so much to taking off

By JAMES H. HAMMON

I SEE THAT DOWN TOWN

ADIES HAVE TAKEN TO

WEARING TROUSERS GEE ! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK THAT OVER!

Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

EVERYBODY'S SORE ABOUT THIS

ASS TO THAT SCENERY I





Loretta's Looking Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WHO IS BEACHED



MER GIRLS. It's a plaint of worth while things.

But just listen to me when I tell you yours that there are so many that you cannot parade about on a nore of you than of SUMMER MEN. sandy beach, obviously courting physical After a somewhat careful observation inspection, and succeed in making the of you at the beach. I am inclined to men who see you believe in your deliwonder that there are ANY summer men, even the undershod collegians or

the overdressed floorwalkers. Yes, I am disgusted with you, absolutely and thoroughly. I tell you, a LADY'S a LADY whether shos upside down with her head stewing in an African hot-pot or right side up and bouncing in the billows. And, if you cannot manage to preserve your lady-ship in a bathing suit, there is some-

brand of ladyhood. Lop Off a Limb

No. I'm not a crank or a prude. I am just a woman with sense enough to

MEN HATE COARSENESS IN A WOMAN. And I frankly own that I esteem a consideration of what the best men like as a deep and worthy study for any woman, just as I regard the ways and means of pleasing a good woman as splendid exercise for men. I don't know how to say it plainer than I have, but, at least, I can repeat it another way: You cannot beat the courtesan at her own game. She wins the poor, tawdry rewards, a coin as worthless as what she gives. But you girls CAN win by PLAYING YOUR OWN GAME, and the good cards are your refinement, your appeal to the best of man and your inspiration to his ideals

OU are one of the numerous SUM- and, consequently, his efforts for the and refinement.

Oh! I am not counseling you to wear house! I am merely observing that ly-ing around on the sand in attitudes

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY He-Of course, you know his modus operandi?

She-Certainly not! I don't suppose he takes her about with him.—The Pink thing fundamentally wrong with your Un.

WHEN

RUNNING UNIVERSE THE GINK WHO FALLS FOR THE-TAILORS SEND--US-A-DOLLAR-AND WE'LL-SEND-YOU- A REGULAR- SUIT WILL GET A JOB DESIGNING-NECK TIES FOR FIJ! ISLANDERS

that are anything but modest, strutting along the beach in bathing suits cal-culated to attract attention, and sitting close beside a man on a rock with your hair blowing in his face is RISKY. You may find yourself at the end of the summer where you have spent most of it—BEACHED. The girls who go to

Oh! I am not counseling you to wear the beach to be invigorated mentally a long cloak from beach to bathing and physically by a play in the salty surf seem to exhale something of its buoyancy and fresh charm. But you girls who make the pleasant informality, the near to natureness of the place, an excuse for a kind of flirting that borders on the indelicate, that gives the man with you a chance to suspect that your mind needs fumigating, are in a

Until She Dissolves Every human being does pretty much

the same things. But it's the WAY OF DOING THEM THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE. There is no reasonthough there's such an enormous num-ber of chances—for doing sea bathing in any way that is prejudicial to a girl's best interests. A lady can sea bathe till she dissolves; and her ladyhood not be affected, however her embonpoint may suffer.

And there's nothing prettler and sweeter and more wholesomely attrac-tive than a beautiful girl in a bathing suit. But, if she prances up and down to show her beauty to the gaping loungers, there aren't many but would rejoice in shying clam shells at her if their self-respect was not greater than hers or their disgust.

No boat, abandoned by those who amused themselves with it during the summer will be higher and drier than you, BEACHED, when the silly season

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

That They Say There's Nothing in a Name, But

THE CHORUS GIRLS KNOW



HAT'S in a name, Belle? Nothin', by rights, yet a whole lot more than there ought to be. They say a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but I bet if they changed the name o' roses to "skunkers" there'd be a whole lot less of 'em in the florists' windows.

In this hard world o' queer sights and funny sounds, Belle, names are like first appearances—

people judge you by 'em and all the king's what-checallem can't make them change their minds. Who ever heard of a man named Splitzenheim bein' elected to any office whatever? Yet there may be more than one genius by that name, Belle,

perishin' in a garret because people just take one look at their visitin' cards when they call around, and then send the boy out to tell 'em, "Too busy."

Chorus girls have the right idea. They're the on'y people I know of that are allowed to change their names without havin' the finger of suspicion leveled in their direction and they're the on'y people I know of that are allowed to change their names without havin' the finger of suspicion leveled in their direction and they're the on'y people I know of that are allowed to change their names without havin' the finger of suspicion leveled in their direction and they're the on'y people I know of their direction and they are the control of of suspicion leveled in their direction, and they're wise enough to take advantage of it. Maybe the managers don't realize it, Belle, but I'll bet the fate of many a musical comedy has been settled by the array

o' chorus girls' names on the programs. The Psychology of Chorus Names

You see, the reporters that write up the shows for the next mornin's papers haven't got time to sit through the whole p'rformance on account of havin' to get their reviews in before their papers go to press, so often they just take a peek at the names o' the chorus girls and then hop a car for their typewriters before the orchestra's got done playin' the first night hour-and-a-quarter overture. They realize, Belle, that when all's said and done the success of every musical comedy depends on its chorus girls.

And if the chorus list starts off with Trixie Vere de Vere, Dolly Vanderbilt, Gladys La Rue and so forth, the reporter just natch'r'lly writes one o' those "aggregation of beautiful, shapely and winsome young women" reviews that'll pack the house for the rest of the week. But, if the ladies of the chorus are programed Edna Scott, Sarah Jones, Kate Smith and so on, the next mornin' you're li'ble to read that, "with the exception o' the chorus, which was unusually thin, flat and tired lookin', the show might pass in a crowd.

I'll never forget, Belle, how once I abs'lutely refused to meet a fellow because his name happened to be Jake Stump. I was willin' to bet a week's salary he'd be a scarecrow. And I saw him by accident just as he was boardin' a train for Canada, never to return. And, Belle, he was the han'somest man I've ever laid my eyes on!

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

yestidday, yuve got sumthing awn ing, but not saying, Wat.

yure noze. Wat, I sed, fealing to see, and Benny sed, yure fingir, ha ha. That's a grate trick, he sed, wy dont you try it awn yure farthir, and I sed, I will may be. So last nite, wen pop caim home,

Well, sed pop, meening wat did I

Pop Fawls

Youve got sumthing awn yure noze, Wat, sed pop, rubbing it with his finger. Yure finger, I sed.

Ha, ha, sed pop, laffing, you littil devvil, he sed, to play a trick like that awn yure fathir. Kum awn in the house and lets try it awn yure mothir. So we went in, and mothir was reeding in the setting room.

Wy, mothir, pop sed, yuve got sumthing on yure noze. Is that so, sed ma, rubbing her noze with her fingir, but not saying. Wat, and of korse, if a persin don't say, Wat, you cant play the trick awn

So then pop-moshuned to me and I sed, G, ma, yuve got sumthing awn

I thawt I rubbed it awf, sed ma

A Few Falling **Autumn Leaves**

SURE HE WOULD

A little boy did a naughty thing the other day. He got a hatchet and chopped off the tail of the family cat.

mother punished him severely for the barbarous act, and then she tried hend its enormity. "Bernard," she said, "what is the Golden Rule?"

"'Do unto others what you would have others do unto you," he quoted "And did you follow the Golden Rule later, after Franklin had startled the

when you tortured that poor cat?"

World by discovering electricity, a "I sure did, mamma. If I had a tail committee of leading Boston citizens wouldn't I want somebody to cut it sought to do him honor by presenting

Not Much

David had accompanied his mother to church and he noticed she drop-ped a penny into the contribution plate. On the way home his mother

juvenile Sunday school class, "why did God create this beautiful world?" "I don't know," replied a bright lit-tle fellow, "unless there was no one else could do it."

Sammy, my cuzzin Benny sed to me rubbing it agen and keeping awn read-

So pop and me looked at eetch othir, not noing wat to do, awn akkount of ma not saying. Wat, and then pop went erround rite in frunt of ma and sed, I deeklare, Lillian, I wasent miztakin, you have got sum-

thing awn yure noze. Ma Dont Kare

Awl rite, sed ma, mad like, wat if I have. Ill wash it awf wen I get throo this story and let that be the end of it, she sed. The ideer of kuming up evry minit and telling me Ive got sumthing awn my noze, she sed. I shood think once wood be enuff. Its redickulus.

So then pop fell ovir in a chare and pretendid to be fainting, and sed, Fan me, sumboddy, fan me, tawk about wimin not beeing abil to see a joak, they wont evin give you haff a chance to spring 1.

I dont no wat yure tawking about, sed ma, and went awn reeding and she dont no wat the joak is yet, just bekaus she woodent say, Wat.

Immortalizations Of Benj. Franklin

"Sneeze, kid, etc." Benjamin Franklin, in leaving Boston for Philadelphia, in his youth, was really influenced by nunicipal dish-beans. Some years

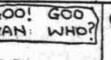


him with an enormous gold pot of beans. Before the chairman of the committee had fairly launched into his presentation speech, Franklin lifted one ponderous leg, kicked the pot from the chairman's hands high into the air, .nd said: "Sneeze, kid, your brains are dusty!" This was in

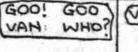
ound fault with the sermon.

"Well, mamma," said the little fellow, "What could you expect for a lin was editor of the magazine later known as the "Slatternly Sleeveless Post," he received one day a call from a contributor who said, "I sent two poems, two peaches they you two poems, two peaches they were, last week, but as yet have received no check." Franklin answered, "Your two peaches were found on make one lemon, which I take great pleasure in handing to you."

SWEET A KID!



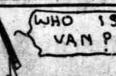
bargain counter."















THE MORTH SEA IS SOUTH THE HORTH POLE IS KEY WEST OF THE EAST BANKS